

Poisonous Kisses by **TheProudPrincess**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Based on a lovely prompt from Tumblr "Jancy + "Be more careful next time. I don't want to bandage you up again"

Poisonous Kisses

Nancy had gone through her fair share of cuts and bruises, but this was by far the worst. A few hours ago, Nancy had somehow found herself in a fight with Micky Daniels, a senior in her class that happened to be the older brother of Troy Daniels, Mike's bully.

He'd always been a major dick, Micky Daniels, making some snide comment about something pretty much everyday, but this time it was about her brother, and she was not about to let that slide.

"Did you even stop to think about the outcome for a second before you attacked the guy?" Jonathan interrogated as he reached for the much needed bandages from the medicine cabinet in his bathroom. Nancy shrugged, shaking her head.

"He was making fun of my little brother, so no, not really," She explained. Jonathan turned around then with the supplies in hand, and Nancy moved to inspect the bloody cuts on her knuckles.

While Nancy has fought demons from other dimensions plenty of times before, she had never thrown a punch with her bare fists, and man, did it hurt like a son of a bitch. Her knuckles were bruised in all shades of purples and blues, still aching from the aging contact. Her fingers, usually small and frail, were pale and puffy, covered in cuts from who knows what, a sight that she never wants to see again.

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders before ripping the package of the bandage open, the crinkling sound breaking her thoughts.

"Fair enough. I'd probably do the same thing for Will. Except you know, I wouldn't win like you did" He responded with a slight chuckle at the end. Nancy laughed too, a smile forming on her lips. Jonathan always seemed to find a way to make her laugh through the pain. And she loved him for it.

That wasn't the only reason, of course. There were many. Too many for her to keep track of. His nurturing nature, his artistic view of the world, his love for his family. She loved him for all of those things, but most importantly she thinks she loves him for his understanding,

for he was the only one who truly seemed to understand her.

Suddenly, an electric shock jolting through her hand and down to her spine broke her away from her thoughts, as Jonathan began to wrap the snow colored bandage around her fingers slowly. She watched him carefully, his chocolate eyes flooding in concentration.

Her eyes moved to his lips then and her mind went completely blank. Jonathan cleared his throat.

“There, good as new,” He stated, picking up the remnants of the bandage’s package. He stood up then and moved to throw it away in the garbage, Nancy’s eyes not leaving him for a second.

“And because I know there’ll probably be a next time, please be more careful, ok? I don’t want to bandage you up again,” Jonathan explained softly, his body returning to where he was before, eyes meeting hers.

And that’s when it happened. She grabbed onto his shirt collar, gently pulling him towards her, and her lips found their way to his. It was nothing like any of the kisses she’s ever had before. This one...This one was poison. It was short and sweet, and yet it was full of passion and longing. The kind of passion that she thought only existed in those gushy love stories.

She never wanted it to end, but they pulled away after a few seconds, both of their breaths shaky from the fireworks.

And while it’s true that Nancy had gone through her fair share of cuts and bruises, She’s never gone through her fair share of poisonous kisses-She had a feeling though, that that was about to change.